

Pause.

FAITH: Off. Mum.

EVELYN: I'm going to stop talking to you now.

FAITH: Off. Shit!

Silence.

EVELYN: I didn't bring you up to talk as if your mouth were filled with sewage.

EVELYN stubs out one cigarette and lights another. A man's voice repeating "Sieg Heil" is heard. The POSTMAN enters. He is goose-stepping, making a Hitler moustache on his upper lip with his index finger of one hand and doing the Nazi salute with the other.

← START

POSTMAN: Sieg Heil! Seig Heil! Sieg Heil! Seig Heil! *He takes out a parcel. German parcel delivered in ze German style. He clicks his heels together, stands to attention and holds out the parcel. Pretty convincing, eh?*

EVA: German peoples not do like the.. *Mimes the moustache.*

POSTMAN: But the moustache is the most important thing about him.

EVA: You do fun. German people not do fun.

POSTMAN: No. They wouldn't. *He marches without the moustache.* What about the marching?

EVA: I not know how do marching.

POSTMAN: I thought everyone in Boche Land learnt to march. Children 'n all.

EVA: Only some. Hitler Jugend.

POSTMAN: What's that?

Children army. I not in it.

EVA:
POSTMAN: They must've taught you to "Sieg Heil"?

EVA: In school. Do this. *She stands to attention and salutes.* "Heil Hitler!"

POSTMAN: Have to do that a lot, did you?

EVA: Too much.

POSTMAN: Not very fond of Hitler are you?

EVA: He not a good man.

POSTMAN: Thought he'd done wonderful things for your country.

EVA: Not for my family.

POSTMAN: Did you ever see him though?

EVA: See Hitler?

POSTMAN: Did you?

EVA: One time.

POSTMAN: Went to one of them rallies was it?

EVA: Not rally. In Hamburg city. He in car. Me on street. Lots people. They shout very loud.

POSTMAN: Did he smell?

EVA: Smell?

POSTMAN: Everyone knows he smells. All Germans smell. Well known fact.

EVA: Not me.

POSTMAN: That's coz you've been here a bit. It's started

POSTMAN: *cont'd*
to fade.

EVA: *Smelling herself*, Girls in school in Hamburg say
I smell.

POSTMAN: That's not very nice of them.

EVA: Which smells more, German or Jew?

POSTMAN: Same difference, love.

EVA: Thank you for the parcel.

POSTMAN: Thank you for the lesson in saluting. *He salutes.*
Heil Hitler!

EVA watches.

POSTMAN: Do it back. Heil Hitler!

EVA: Heil Hitler! **← END**

POSTMAN exits. EVA excitedly takes the parcel and carefully unwraps it.

HELGA: To the very best daughter any parents could wish
for. The jobs. The permits. Thank you.

EVA: It wasn't all me.

HELGA: You have opened the door to a new and hopeful
life.

EVA: Mrs. Miller did as much as I did.

HELGA: Not long now. And then all of us together again.
As I promised.

*EVA takes out of the parcel the Der Rattenfänger book, a letter and a Haggadah for
Passover.*

HELGA: Your storybook. I know how much you like it.

EVA opens the letter.

HELGA: I also enclose your Haggadah for Passover.

EVA: When is Passover?

HELGA: I hear that there are lots of Jews in Manchester.

EVA: Is it before or after Easter?

HELGA: It will be easy to celebrate seder night with some
of them.

EVA: Maybe it's happened already.

HELGA: We will be having a small seder. Not like the big
ones we used to have.

EVA: I can't ask Mrs. Miller to do a seder.

HELGA: "Why is this night different from all other
nights?" What will we do without you to sing
the questions for us? What is a seder without
the presence of the youngest child?

EVA: She'd think it was silly.

HELGA: We may not be a very religious family, Eva. But
this has to do with more than religion.

EVA: Next year when they're here. I'll do it then.

HELGA: The Passover story has special meaning for us.

EVA: Maybe I could just read the Haggadah to myself.
Would that count?

HELGA: Remember how the Israelites had to endure hard
labor.

EVA: Some of it's quite boring though.

HELGA: How every son was thrown into the Nile.

EVA: The ten plagues upon the Egyptians is good.